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"Just put your hand over your cup."

And so I poured another bitter libation into an angry stomach and by sheer will power kept it there. Then I gripped my cup, holding it in a vise and keeping it covered with my hand. Now I was resolved to defend it to the death and to ward off this evil spirit who flitted about like a big bird with a kettle of hot tea in his hand. He *is* a big bird, I thought—a big, Tibetan raven who watches every move of every living thing to see if it is going to drop dead. Dropping dead under the evil influence of rancid yak butter and *gur gur cha* seemed to me the worst of all possible deaths.

While my battle with the bearer was going on, Rahul and Phuntzog had settled down to a serious conversation. They both spoke Tibetan; but, as is customary, a formal conversation between a high lama and a foreigner is carried on through an interpreter even though the host and guest speak the same tongue. (That is why high Tibetans talk with such low tones.) One of the Indian Army cavalrymen who had brought me my movie film acted as interpreter. Rahul spoke Tibetan to the cavalryman, who in turn spoke Tibetan to our host. When I joined the conversation, the dialogue became more complicated. Phuntzog's reply came back through three persons to me. The jokes I told Rahul were heard by Phuntzog twice. Once he laughed out loud both times. But Phuntzog, knowing that protocol required him to hold his laughter until the joke was told him officially, thereafter kept control of himself. At times he would swallow his laughter in his beard. But always his eyes would dance with merriment on the first telling. When the soldier told him the story officially, he would throw back his head in a hearty laugh. This Lobon was a healthy, outgoing person. He enjoyed life and was anxious that those around him share in the enjoyment. He was a relaxed, happy extrovert—an ideal teacher.

We talked for perhaps two hours. He told about the founding of Hemis Monastery, the organization of the lamas in the monas-

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tery, the lama dances, the Incarnate Lama, and how he was discovered. He told how the Incarnate Lama is first taught the Scriptures—the text of what Buddha said—and then the Commentaries. This religious training is followed by reading, writing, and arithmetic. And when the boy reaches thirteen or fourteen he goes to Lhasa for ten years of indoctrination. Phuntzog, teacher to the present Incarnate Lama, was also teacher, as a young man, to the predecessor Incarnate Lama.

From these topics we turned to Communism, to the relation between the monasteries and the people, and to the host of problems of concern to Ladakh and Lamaism in 1951. The Lobon spoke freely and without restraint about all subjects but one. The one on which he froze was the land problem in Ladakh—the extent of the holdings of the monastery, the work of the lama who serves as the business head of Hemis, the system of land tenancy, and the rents which Hemis as landlord collects. On this subject he was silent.

Then, and at other times when there was a pause, I would bring the conversation back to the Incarnate Lama and Phuntzog's role as teacher. Near the end of our conversation, I told him about one of my own great teachers, Harlan Fiske Stone, who was Dean of the Columbia Law School when I enrolled as a first-year student in 1922. I took my first course in law from him, the course in Personal Property. When I graduated from law school, Stone was an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Fourteen years later I joined him there; and in a few years he became Chief Justice. As Chief he presided at our Saturday conferences where all the cases argued during the preceding week were discussd and voted upon. Stone, as is customary with every Chief Justice, stated each case and led the discussion on it. More often than not, Stone and I ended voting together. Sometimes we were on opposite sides of a case. Once when the vote was close, Stone looked down the table at me and said with a twinkle in his eye, "Douglas, I can understand how some of our brethren

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• 521 go astray and vote as they do. But for the life of me I can't understand your vote in this case."

I replied, "Chief, all the law I ever knew, I learned from you."

Stone then pounded the table and, raising his voice, said, "By golly, you never learned *that* from me."

That story delighted Phuntzog. His eyes danced with merriment during its telling, and he roared when it was finished. After a pause he said quite gravely, "In Buddhist history the disciple very often has outpointed his master." And then, bowing his head, he said in tribute to the Incarnate Lama, "Rinpoche [*n* pronounced as *m*] will surpass me."